













# AN ADDRESS

Delivered by W. E. West to the Female Missionary Society at Beulah Church, Beulah, Ohio County, Kentucky.

## INTRODUCTION

Here you have erected a cross—a thing among the Romans despised and dreaded, a terror to malefactors because it should all such as were overtaken in their crimes die. Not only among the Romans was this cruel instrument of torture used, but by nearly the whole world. The Mahomedans, I believe, are about the only people that make use of this cruel instrument of torture at present. However, the cross has been forever honored in the crucifixion of our blessed Savior, and has been in sweet remembrance since that eventful day. Some have gone too far, and worship the cross itself more than they worship Jesus. Our object in erecting this cross is not to worship it, but to show that it had not been for a Savior's death on it that all missions would be in vain. We, therefore, erect it and make it an instrument to bear the gifts of the good people in this community for missionary purposes in general. You should not give for selfish motives, but because you want the Bible sent and gospel preached to the untutored pagan. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Not a stingy giver, a selfish giver, nor one who seeks honor in giving, you must let your soul heartily endorse your giving.

I will now invite your attention to the two following propositions: First—We want the heathen educated. Second—We want to help bear the burden of educating them. Then first we want the heathen educated, and no other method will accomplish so much as the introduction of the Holy Bible. In preparing a guide to sinners for immortality infinite wisdom give not a dictionary nor a grammar, but a Bible—a book which in trying to catch the heart of man should captivate his taste, and which, in transforming his affection, should also expand his intellect: the pearl is of great price, but even the coarsest is of exquisite beauty. The sword is of ethereal temper, and nothing cuts so keen as its double edge, but there are jewels on the hill, and fine tracery on the sabbard. Such a book as this, I think, will do the most good in a weary land. In its introduction it should be made interesting.

We do not object to other literature being sent them, but do heartily object to it; especially healthful, sound literature, but let the Bible be king, the fountain-head, the rippling rill from which to drink to slake the thirst. Let it be as "apples of gold in plates of silver," the nectar of burning love, the day star that leads to Jesus.

Men who write words generally write them for fame—they burn midnight oil for a worldly reputation. The Bible makes no such pretensions; it is intended as a way lead to lead us to a better country, a beautiful city whose streets are paved with gold and the walls are made of jasper. It is the city of God, and has the glory of God manifested in it. It needs no ornamental passages, no display of words, yet the gold has been tried in the crucible and found to be pure—pure enough for the Christian and the pagan. The diamond has stood the test and shines like stars of glory.

Again, the Bible is the great civilizer. No other book has done so much to elevate the human and moral standard as it has done. Men by the light of nature may form societies, but they cannot temper them to the sweet joys of love. If you think so, please turn the eye of reason to Greece when she flourished in all of her grandeur, and know for all that she worshipped eighteen thousand gods notwithstanding that such men as Solon, Lycurgus, Socrates and Demosthenes had lived in Greece. Let the mind's eye lead us to Rome when she was the mistress of the world, and you will there find, notwithstanding Caesar, Cassius, Anthony, and others, customs that are as fendish as hell—in other words a covenant with death and an agreement with hell. Carthage, Tyre, Troy, Egypt and many other nations in their best days were red with blood on account of not knowing the truths of the Bible. So in the world's history we find no civilization in the true sense of the word where there is no Bible. The entrance of God's word makes heathenism shake from center to circumference. The Bible will make the Roman and Grecian do away with their temples filled with gods; and they will meet at the cross and Christian brotherhood will exist in all the world. "All error shall cease, and ancient fables shall fall."

Returning justice I lift her head; Peace o'er the world her olive branch extend; And white-robed innocence from heaven descend."

This is why we want the Bible introduced in Japan.

There is a grandeur in all the Bible does. In its sleep it is a melody and in its march a stately psalm. And while there is in the bow which paints the melting cloud a beauty which the stained glass or gorgeous drapery emulates in vain. There is a joy in the Bible which kisses heaven and honors God. "The Bible landscape has a limpid freshness, as never viewed by an eye of carnality. It needs no dryads to people its woodlands; nor oracles to fit over its mountains; no naiads to give music to its waters or music to its streams, for a brighter or higher animation fills them, and every chiming brook and fluttering spray; every zephyr and every blessed sound is a note of God's own anthem. This music to the heathen will be joy like perennial streams of love that will pour in their praises to God above."

Second, we want to help bear the burden of educating them. We wish to assist in planting Prince Emmanuel's blood-stained banner on every hill-top of pagan lands, and as God is with us we want him rightly worshiped and honored.

For that purpose are we here to-night in Beulah church, and as Beulah signifies married, so let our souls be married to the missionary cause. It is true that we do who will only be a mite, but many mites will accomplish the glorious work.

"From the pellucid little fountain Gushes forth the sparkling rill Into rivers broader, grander, Still guided by His will."

Small commencements sometimes have large endings; it is only a dime spent for rum, yet all such spent dimes help to make up the grand aggregate—700,000,000 of dollars—annually for this enemy of souls. It is only a dollar or two spent for taxes, yet so many paying this small amount makes a sum sufficient to run the largest and grandest government on earth.

It is a very small house the coral insect builds, but it builds India's coral strand. A grain of sand or drop of water is seemingly insignificant, yet it takes the grain of sand to form the continent and the drop of water to make the ocean. And so it must be with the work of missions, and as we have men like Paul and Peter, and women like Martha and Mary, who are ready to serve the Lord by giving themselves a living sacrifice to work among the heathen like the Hall brothers and Misses Orr and Leavitt. Let us lend a helping hand and never have it said that we refused to do our part in sending the gospel to the heathen.

They stand with open, glad hearts to receive our missionary and they will receive with pleasure all the overtures of Scripture and gospel teachers sent to them, and while we send the seed we hope they will be sowed with tears so the reaping may be with joy, for the church of the living God must triumph in all the ends of the earth. The Lord has said: "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's righteousness will I shout for joy, and for Jerusalem's sake will I say, 'Thy glory, and Thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name. Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God. Thou shalt no more be termed forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land shall be called Beulah.' In the face of this poetic fire that gleamed from the furnace of God's love that mildly but forcibly penetrates our hearts let us work. Work for God, Christ and the Church. Let not the wall of the heathen come to our ear in its plaintive and blame us for not doing our duty."

Lastly, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to your hearts in behalf of the untutored savage. Catch the heart-rending wall of the Hindoo mother—remember she has consigned her maternal offspring to the gods in her devotion. But this wall is not isolated, for thousands of such walls come up from that degraded country. Could you steel your hearts in denying these people? What excuse can you offer? Any? If so, what are they? There may be some here to offer the old, thread-bare excuse of "charity begins at home." Well, should it end there? What is your definition of charity? Is it simply almsgiving? Oh! what a narrow, contracted definition! Charity has a wider meaning than this. Its meaning is love in the widest sense.

"Faith may be lost in sight and hope end in fruition, but charity will extend beyond the grave through the boundless realms of eternity." And oh! how narrow that love that is only selfish and sensual, and that will not reach beyond the outside gate, or at farthest beyond the confines of the grave. I am tempted to say that it is no charity at all.

Do you love the perfume of sweet-scented flowers? Are you not kind enough to give a rose that its fragrance may delight a friend, or is your heart stone, or perchance it is frozen and stiff needs the gentle ray of the sun of God.

"Yes, sir," resumed the Dakota man, as the crowd of agriculturists drew back from the bar and seated themselves around a little table, "yes, sir, we do things on a rather sizable scale. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the Spring and plow a straight furrow until Fall. Then he turned round and harvested back."

"Carry his grub with him?" asked a Brooklyn farmer, who raises cabbage on the outskirts.

"No, sir. They follow him up with a steam hotel and have always relays of men to change plows for him. We have some big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one on which he had to give a mortgage, and I pledge you my word the mortgage was due on one end before they could get it recorded at the other. You see it was laid off in counties."

"There was a nurmur of astonishment, and the Dakota man continued: "I got a letter from a man who lives in my orchard, just before I left home, and it had been three weeks getting to the dwelling-house, though it traveled day and night."

"Distances are pretty wide up there, ain't they?" inquired a New England agriculturist.

"Reasonably, reasonably," replied the Dakota man. "And the worst of it is it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw whole families prostrated with grief—women yelling, children howling and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp truck packed on seven four-mule teams, and he was around bidding everybody good-bye."

"Where was he going?" asked a Gravesend man.

"He was going half-way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

"Did he ever get back to his family?"

"It isn't time for him yet," returned the Dakota gentleman. "Up there we send young married couples to milk the cows, and their children bring home the milk."

"Look here," said the barkeeper, as the Eastern husbandmen strolled out in a bunch to consider the statement, "is all this thing you've been telling true?"

"Certainly," responded the Western man. At least it is a modification of

what I saw in a Dakota paper that was wrapped around a pair of shoes last night. I don't dare to put it as strong as the paper did, for no one would believe it. You can state that last round of drinks and I'll pay in the morning. I live right here on Myrtle avenue."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—*Tribune.*

She sported a wart on the end of her nose, she had false teeth and glasses, her hair was not too far from being white, and she was old-fashioned and wore a No. 8. Sauter. In spite of all this he resigned the love of a beautiful maiden to marry her. And was he happy? He was. Why? Easy enough. He had been a newspaper man for fifteen years, and the girl was rich.

A Chicago man visiting Cincinnati was being shown round by a citizen, who said: "Now, let's go and see the widows' home." The Chicago man put his finger by the side of his nose and winked, and then said: "Not much, Mary Ann. I saw a widow home once and it cost me \$16,000. She sold me for breach of promise and proved it on me. No sir; send the widow home in a hack."

"Look here, Matilda," said a Galveston lady to a colored cook, "you sleep right close to the chicken house, and you must have heard those thieves stealing the chickens." "Yes, ma'am, I heered de chickens holler, and heered de voices ob de men." "Why didn't you go out then?" "Case, ma'am, (bursting into tears) case, ma'am, I knowed my ole fadder was ole dar, and I wouldn't hab him know I've lost confidence in him for all de chickens in de world. If I had gone out dar and catched him, it would hab broke his ole heart, and he would hab made me tote de chickens home for him besides. He had done tote me de day before dat he's gwine to pull dem chickens dat night."

If the thousands that now have their rest and comfort destroyed by complication of liver and kidney complaints would give nature's remedy, Kidney, Wort, a trial they would be speedily cured. It acts on both organs at the same time, and therefore completely fills the bill for a perfect remedy. If you have a lame back and disordered kidneys use it at once. Don't neglect them.—*Mirror and Furnace.*

Speaking of tough bears, said the sheriff, you ought to have seen the one that Joe Atkinson and me had the little circus with on the head-waters of Bright Brook about ten years ago. Joe and me was lumbering over on a tract of land that belonged to some fellow over in Monroe county. Jake Klikenhaus had got all the bark off the tract, and we were finishing up the lumber.

We'd seen signs of a bear, and an old bark-pooler told us there was a big one that kept in the swamp down the creek a little ways. Every hunter that had been in the woods for six months, he said, had put a bit in the bear, and the old cuss had carried off half a dozen traps and got rid of them in some way. One Saturday Joe and me made up our minds to take a day off and try and capture this tough old animal. We came on the bear in less than an hour after we started out. He came out of the swamp as if some one was urging him with a three-foot fork, and made for the top of a ridge about a hundred feet away. Joe let him have his rifle-bark and then his buckshot. But the bear kept right on him. I got both my barrels in on him, but the old fellow never paid any attention to us till he got to the ridge. The ridge wasn't more than twenty feet high, and it ran up to quite a narrow top. When the bear got up there he stopped, turned with his face toward us, raised upon his haunches, and opened his mouth blazed near a foot wide. He was in plain, open sight, only 100 feet away, and we just thought we had him foul.

Joe and me peeped away at him for more than a quarter of an hour, and we hit him every time. All he'd do was to give himself a whack with first one paw and then the other whenever a ball or charge of buckshot got in on him. That was all our firing seemed to disturb him. By this time I only had one bullet left, and Joe only had three. We had plenty of powder, so we concluded not to use any more on the bear by shooting, as there didn't seem to be any use of it. Joe began to skirmish around a little. On the other side of the ridge he discovered a ground-hog's hole, which ran into the ridge directly under where the bear was sitting. Joe had been in the army, you know, and he saw that this ground-hog's hole was just a bully chance to spring a mine on our live old target. So he takes all the powder both of us had—about three pounds, I guess—and put it in a leather pouch he had, and made as though he was going to shoot. Then, while I kept the bear's attention by pretending to be crawling up the side of the hill as if I meant to tackle him, Joe crept up to the other side and rammed the leather cartridge in the hole and stamped the solid. He laid a train of powder down the hill a ways, hollered to me to run, and fired her. In about two seconds the top of that hill and the bear were sailing towards the clouds. The bear went up ten feet above the top of a big chestnut tree there was on the ridge turned over a couple of times, and tumbled back into the tree.

Now, of course, all bears ain't as tough as this bear was, but when the

stones and dirt and saplings got through falling, there was old Bruin perched on a big branch of the chestnut, looking a little surprised, to be sure, but gazing down at us with actually a smile on his face, as if he rather enjoyed the novelty of the little experience he had just passed through. That was all the change there seemed to be in the old cuss' appearance. Joe looked at me and I looked at Joe. Then we both looked at the bear, and then at the hole in the ground, and then at each other for ten minutes. Then I said: "Let's go home Joe. There's a thundering shower coming up, anyway, and we don't want to be out in it."

There was a heavy shower coming, but Joe said he wasn't going to quit until he got that bear. So back he started for camp after an ax. I stayed to watch the bear. When Joe got back he went to work chopping down the chestnut tree. In about an hour down she came, bear and all. In the fall the tree fell plump across the bear's back and broke it, but before he could get at him with the ax he clawed down toward the swamp. We would have lost that bear as sure as guns but just then there came one of the hardest thunder claps I ever heard and struck not ten feet away. It struck that bear square in the head. It struck me, but I don't believe it, but it is fact, the old cuss' head was so hard that the lightning bounced off it like rubber ball, and crumpled on a big oak tree off to the right, tearing it into a million pieces. The bear was stunned considerably by the lightning, and before it came to Joe got his work in with the ax and finished him. We dragged the carcass into camp. It weighed 417 pounds, and we sold it for 10 cents a pound to a boarding-house keeper from Pocono. Three days afterward, he came back and demanded 80 cents. He had taken eight pounds of lead out of different parts of that bear, and of course we deducted it from the bill.—*New York Sun.*

**The First Wedding.**

Morning without a cloud. Atmosphere without a chill. Foliage without crumpled leaf. Fruits without curling. Meadows without a thorn. Fit memento for the world's wedding.

It is to be in church—the temple of a world-sky-dome, mountain-pillared, supple-roofed; sparkling waters of Hildekel and Gihon filling the baptismal tanks; larks and robins and goldfinches to chant the wedding-march; violet and lily and rose burning incense in the morning sun, luxuriant vines sweeping their long trail through the forest aisles; the wild beasts standing

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